

Heaven by mischiefunicorn

Series: [The first time that you kissed me \[1\]](#)

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Summary:

The first time that you kissed me-
Series of Harringrove first kiss scenarios.

Drabble inspired by Bryan Adams song
"Heaven".

Billy finds himself at Harrington's once again.
It has become a thing, as much as he hates to admit it. This time though, everything will be different.

Heaven

The rain is thrumming on the windshield. Smoke lingers inside the car before escaping through the slightly open window. For once the radio is quiet in the blue Camaro. The California plates feel like an insult to the rainy spring in Hawkins, Indiana. Billy taps the steering wheel and inhales the last smoke of the cigarette. He exhales deeply and gets out of the car. Looking around he slams the door shut. No one is around, all the good neighbors are probably asleep. It's quiet at this time, even on a weekend, only old people seem to live on the same street as the Harrington residence. Billy fidgets and walks fast to the front door, looking around, feeling as out of place as his Californian muscle car in the dark back woods. He doesn't ring the doorbell, doesn't knock, he just walks in. It's too familiar, too natural, too easy, and Billy can't help but hate what they have become. What Steve has let them become.

Friends.

The kids are to blame, of course, but after a cold weird winter Billy found himself friends with Harrington. And a part of the party the kids jab about all the time. And the most fucked up thing is that Billy doesn't hate it. And Billy usually doesn't do feelings, at least not positive ones. So he finds himself more often at Steve's, late in the evening, sometimes even during daylight. Mostly they just hang out, by the pool, drink a few beers, listen to music, watch the kids do their nerdy things.

Sometimes, more and more often Billy hates to admit, they do something entirely different.

Billy walks to the fridge and takes out a beer. He opens it and takes a few sips. He joins Steve in the living room by the TV, sits down on the other side of the couch. Steve nods at him and Billy nods back. This other different thing between them started a few weeks ago.

It was the day they had their first outside practice after the winter. It was still cold and breezy but they ran laps in their shorts and t-shirt. The cold nips their skin giving them goosebumps. Billy had a shit day, like most of his days but that day had been particularly shit. He was fuming and the usual outlet for everything had become teasing Steve. The teasing had changed with their growing friendship and before, when Billy had first gotten to this god forsaken small town he was teasing the King of Hawkins High with a hard face and evil grin, but now he teased with a hard face and friendly smirk. First Steve didn't know how to take Billy but after countless fights he had learned. Learned to maneuver Billy, to play the game on his level. Steve seemed to enjoy it. The spark in his eyes slowly got back, the color to his cheeks, the glow in his hair. Not that Billy noticed, but he did.

The practice neared its end and Billy got too in his head, in his anger. The stupid jocks Tommy had enrolled to his clan of assholes said something wrong and Billy saw red. It would have been a nasty fight if Steve hadn't stepped between, got the jocks to leave for the showers. They didn't leave quietly though and Steve basically dragged a shouting Billy behind the bleachers to get him cornered and snapped out of his head. Billy was boiling, with all the feelings he kept away. He knew the breaking point was bound to come. He knew he would fuck up everything one day again. And he did. He had never thought, even in his wildest dreams, that it would have turned out like it had.

Billy took another sip of his beer and glanced over at Steve. He smirked, that boy did not know how to sit like a proper human being. He was more like lying, back against the arm rest and one leg swung over the back rest. The back rest for fucks sake! Steve is looking at the TV his usual dopey grin plastered on his face. Completely in his own bubble, Billy shakes his head and grins into the bottle.

That cold spring day under the bleachers turned Billy's life upside down and for once a way he could actually like. Billy was still fuming, sneering and cursing, spitting ugly words in Steve's face.

Slowly the bright red colors in Billy's eyes faded away and left behind was all the soft browns of Steve in front of him. The heat melted away leaving only the heat of Steve's firm grasp on his arms left. He noticed the cold steel pressing against his back only to realize that the heat in front of him didn't fade. Billy realized terrified that he was hard, in front of Steve, under the bleachers, late for the next class.

He cursed but the words weren't heated anymore, they were panicked, desperate. Billy froze, did Steve know? Had he noticed? His face showed nothing indicating that but his actions told the truth. He had noticed. And nothing could have ever prepared Billy for his next move. Instead of pushing away, disgusted, Steve leaned in slightly, exited and confused. Billy's breath hitched and he would have stepped back if not had the steel pole dug into his back. Steve hesitated for a second before he palmed Billy's crotch through the thin fabric of his shorts. He gasped to the feel of Billy's firm hard dick twitching against his palm. Billy felt like melting away of embarrassment and lust that he rather deny.

-Hargrove? Steve breathed out looking at him, eyes full of questions and awe. Billy was gonna push Steve away, yell at him, be angry for touching him like that, call him faggot and all that shit but his body and brain had lost the connection. His arms were grabbing Steve's arms but not pushing, pulling. And his legs were not moving, feet planted to the ground, hips bucking up to Steve's touch. Billy cursed, his mind had not prepared to be so deeply betrayed by his body.

-I swear... Billy sneered through gritted teeth, a clear threat, but was cut short by a moan escaping before he could swallow it down. Steve palmed him, moved his hand, gripped him. And Billy had lost the fight. He surrendered, begging to god he could have this moment without his life turning into a shit storm.

Billy smiled into the beer bottle sunken in his thoughts. Steve laughed to the sitcom he was watching. Billy's life had in fact turned into a shit storm after that day but for the longest time it was a shit storm he could live through and almost admit to enjoying the ride.

The palming had ended up in a awkward hand job. Steve was clearly new to this, having another dudes dick in his hand, and fumbled trough it, probably not having the courage to ask anything. Billy had lost any brain action and couldn't exactly guide Steve through it, tell him what he liked or didn't like. But nevertheless Billy soon came undone all over Steve's hand and his own stomach and even if Steve was blushing like a third grader he seemed proud. Billy rode his high a while letting Steve bask in his achievement not even noticing his own impressive tent. Billy found his connection and even if his body felt amazing his brain was not on the same page. He should have handled it differently, god he should have thanked Steve, returned the favor, whatever but what he did.

Which was nothing. He just looked blankly at Steve, tucked himself away and left. Jogged into the locker rooms without looking back, seeing a confused and pissed of Steve hands thrown to the sides from the corner of his eyes.

-Asshole! He heard yelled after him but Billy didn't care. At least that's what he told himself. Billy laid low a few days, skipped as much school as he possibly could without it affecting his grades. Then the weekend came. He was driving around, drinking beers. Wrong, he knew, but Billy also knew where his limits were. But he was tipsy and he ended up in Steve's driveway. He sat in the car for almost half an hour, staring at the red front door of the Harrington residence. Tapping his fingers, bobbing his knees. Anxious. He had to sort this thing out with Steve. Had to get it back to normal. But the little gnawing voice in the back of his head had other opinions on the matter. He got out of the car anyway. The lights were still on so he had to be home. Billy walked up to the door and banged on it before he could chicken out. He heard music. Then footsteps. Then the door opened. Steve looked both confused and actually happy to see Billy there. A moment went by with them just looking at each other. Then another. Billy held his ground. Steve sighed and let him in. This was something that couldn't be said out in the open. Steve turned down the music a little. Some stupid pop, Billy was more into rock.

-What do you want? Steve sounded colder than the look in his eyes.

-About practice... Billy bit out not sure how to say it or in fact even what to say. He stalled. Steve sighed.

-Yeah, whatever, nothing happened. Steve said hands in the air, surrendering.

-If that's what you want... He added and the look in his eyes had changed.

It burned, the excitement, the fascination of something new and different. Billy hadn't thought Steve to be so adventurous, he was a too text book preppy jock for that. And it took Billy by surprise. He froze, what should he do? Again he lost the connection between brain and body. The little voice pounded in the back of his head and he tried to silence it the only way he knew, had been taught. Violence. His hand grabbed Steve's throat faster than he knew he could. His icy blue eyes were like a stormy ocean, he had been told after, and he ground his teeth. Steve winced probably more to the sound of that than the fact he was being choked.

-What are you saying Harrington? He gritted out.

-That i'm some faggot, huh?

He shoved Steve backwards, into the living room and Steve stumbled and fell backwards. Billy was on him the next second, straddled him like that god forsaken nightmare of a night at Byers. The memories rushed through his mind and he felt sick to his stomach, nothing of it was supposed to happen. He tasted the coppery taste of blood in his mouth. And please, not again. Steve grabbed his thigh hard and got him back to reality. Billy looked down and Steve's brown big eyes were filled with a darkness, a haziness. There were no fear, no disgust, nothing of the things Billy had expected. Billy looked down at his lips, plump, pink and parted. Steve breathed deep and that's when Billy felt it. He was hard against Billy's groin. He bucked up slightly and Billy's blood rushed down, down to his dick, filling it up instantly.

-Billy.. It was simply a whisper but it was the sweetest sound Billy had ever heard. It opened the flood gates Billy had tried to plaster shut with tens of thousands of mental bricks. Steve bucked up again

and Billy didn't think. He acted. Grinded down, one time, a second, a third. Steve moaned. The pressure was too much too soon and Billy rolled over on the floor. He didn't hesitate, he had a mission, to give back to Steve what he had given a few days back behind the bleachers on the school field. Steve was reduced to a moaning mess in just a few firm grips, strokes and twists. It didn't take much more for him to arch his back, tense up, breathe out and spill his seeds all over his stomach and Billy's broad hot hand. He swore like a sailor a few moments later and Billy milked him through all of it. They laid side by side on the floor, listening the the upbeat pop record Steve had been listening to. They didn't talk.

Billy waited for Steve to come down from his orgasm and hoped. Steve did and he fulfilled Billy's wish. He jerked Billy off too, this time a firmer and more sure approach. Having Steve in his hands moment before, moaning and Billy isn't sure but he thinks he heard Steve moan his name, got Billy more riled up than he cared to admit. He came hard and fast too. They laid on the floor a while longer while Billy came down from his high and the record actually stopped. Billy was the first to get up. He walked to the bathroom, grabbed a towel and cleaned himself up the best he could. He returned to the living room, tossed the towel on Steve, nodded and left. The door closed behind him with a thud and Billy almost ran to the car and sped off.

Billy took another sip from the bottle and shivered to the thought of that night. He stared at the spot on the floor they had laid on. Billy didn't want to admit it but he had been hooked. Then and there. He could have gotten over the bleachers, but never Steve's living room. He had gotten used to the thought of not having anyone in Hawkins. Not to be touched like that. Not to feel like that. He had tried the thin ice with a few o the boys from school but had no luck there. The freak, Jonathan Byers, had let him touch him and feel him up a bit but had been way too shy to make any more of it. And then the freak ran off with the next door princess leaving princess' current boyfriend Steve behind. Billy wasn't sure how that made him feel.

A broken boy with glassy big brown eyes and soft pink lips. Billy decided he didn't feel anything. For awhile it worked.

He got his head in other things, actually got good grades, not that he ever told anyone that, and played basket ball. Teased Steve. Pushed him around, shoved him down. The small amount of body contact made him quiver and it got harder and harder to ignore what Billy was starved for. The day under the bleachers satisfied him for about five minutes and the weekend after in Steve's living room woke a crave he couldn't ignore anymore. Billy needed to be touched, to be filled, to be fucked till he couldn't even beg for more.

He started showing up at Steve's place. With Billy came the blasting rock. Billy had found it comforting, drowning out everything else. Filling the air with vibrating sounds so he wouldn't have to speak. Steve let him in. The first few times it was awkward, grabby, handsy. Then Steve gave Billy his first blow job. Billy swore he had done it before. He was way too good to be a first timer. The praising and moaning Steve's name woke something in Steve and he got hungrier, greedier. He gave more and Billy took everything he could. Billy started to return the favors and after the second weekend Billy had made Steve confident enough to fuck Billy. And he had never dreamed of how good it was. Steve was huge and Billy loved the feeling of being ripped apart from pleasure, feeling the burning deep inside him. He had never guessed it would lead to this. Billy was over almost every night. Mostly it was good, fucking amazing but Billy should have known. Should have seen the true colors of Steve, should have noticed already with the princess. Steve was the kind of guy who wanted to be with just one love at a time. And the love he chose would become his everything. He was the kind of guy who gave you the moon and the stars and the fucking galaxy. Billy should have known Steve would fall in love. By the way he let Billy in his bed. Let him come in, blast his music, take Steve. But maybe he had been told his whole life he was worthless so love was just a joke to him. He should have known better.

He knew Steve had fallen in love by the third weekend, he knew by the way he stroked his back balls deep in him, or by the way he squeezed his hips and claimed him also balls deep. Maybe it was there from the beginning. Maybe this all was possible because Steve had fallen for Billy. Billy didn't care. Or that's what he made himself believe. Steve was just a warm mouth, a huge dick to ride. Nothing more, never was, never would be.

Billy should have ended it the moment he realized how deep in Steve was. What Billy meant to him. But he was too greedy, too starved to leave it. To be honest he didn't even want to. But he denied all that. Billy was used to take and take and take. But he tried to be better, he really tried. After the first time Steve had tried to kiss him. He turned his head away, finished and left without word. He did see the hurt in Steve's eyes so he stayed away three whole days. It was torture to not be filled up, fucked into oblivion. And even worse, it was torture to see Steve. How broken he was, even more so than after the princess leaving him. It stung in Billy's chest. Others would say in his heart but Billy wasn't so sure he even had one. He tried to leave Steve, because he could never be what Steve wanted, deserved. But Billy was selfish. An asshole beyond repair. So he came over to Steve's on a Tuesday during the fourth week. He was gonna apologize or something, be sorry, but he never got that far. Steve opened the door and the big brown eyes were glassy and cold. Almost lifeless. Billy took one lingering look at Steve's lips and pushed him against the wall. Palmed his crotch. Steve fought back a few seconds but his dick made a different choice. He was hard in no time and soon they were making their way upstairs leaving a trail of clothes behind. Billy felt a hole in him, a gut wrenching growing hole, craving to be filled. His hips and ribs ached, his muscles tensed and he trembled. Billy was on the bed on all four before Steve was naked. Rock blasted from Steve's record player. He had even bought a few of Billy's favorites, Billy should have known by that alone.

He had never been so desperate for anything in his life. Not even for air the time his dad choked him a little too long and he lost consciousness. Steve cursed under his breath but didn't leave Billy unsatisfied. He lubed up his fingers and agonizingly slowly pushed them one by one into Billy. Steve was usually gentle, loving even, but not tonight. Billy knew he was hurt, angry, disappointed. And Billy loved it. It got Steve all rough and it was exactly what Billy needed now. To be fucked, ripped apart. He wasn't even completely ready for Steve when he drew out his fingers and lubed up his dick. He was behind Billy a second later, grabbed his hips hard and yanked him to the edge of the bed. Billy nearly yelped of surprise. But Steve's dick was already against his ass. First Billy wanted to stop, didn't want Steve to fuck him like this, he was actually scared, for the first time since they started, that Steve would hurt him. But Steve stroked his

back slowly and gently pushed in. Bit by bit, making sure Billy had time to adjust with the too little preparing he had. Billy gasped and cursed, split in half, but it didn't hurt. Even after everything Billy had done to him Steve didn't hurt him. And with all the anger and hurt he had inside Steve fucked Billy better than he had anytime before, better than Billy could have ever dreamed of. It was exactly how Billy would fuck. How Billy liked to be fucked. Hard, relentless, without mercy. But Steve brought a bit of himself into it, stroking his back gently every now and then, caressing his hips where he grabbed hard. Billy came first. And Steve came a split second later, dick twitching harder than ever inside Billy plunging him into the darkness. Billy came to his senses a few moments later, laying on the bed, stomach all wet by the pool of his cum underneath him, Steve on top of him face in his neck, breath hot against his sweaty skin. He let himself linger in the moment, enjoy the closeness. He would never call it cuddling but maybe it was that. Steve groaned and got up, cursing the cramping leg. Billy rolled over and got up too. He grabbed a few tissues from the desk and wiped his stomach. He ignored the small stream of Steve's cum trickling down his thigh. He picked up his briefs, pulled them on and turned to leave. Picked up his jeans by the door. Steve was behind him when he straightened up. Grabbed his hips and pulled him closer. Steve bit his shoulder fast, gentle.

-Stay. It was a whisper, a raspy breath in Billy's ear. He should have known better than to show up here tonight. Or ever. He had to let Steve go. Had to. Had to fuck everything up when for once that was the last thing that he wanted. So he turned around and pushed Steve. Hard. Steve stumbled against the book shelf but kept his balance. Took a step closer again.

-Billy! He yelled.

-Don't.. He bit out through gritted teeth and pushed Steve again, harder this time, too hard. Steve stumbled against the bookshelf, hit his back hard and fell down on the floor. He cursed while some things on the shelf clattered to the floor, some breaking with a shrill sound. Then came dead silence. The record player had shattered and the record broke in half. Like Steve would because of Billy. His heart pounded in his ears but Billy had already fled down the stairs and out the door, slamming it shut hard behind him. Steve hadn't even got up

from the floor when he heard the Camaro rev alive and roar off his yard, gravel groaning.

Billy took the last sip from the beer. Steve was still watching the sitcom and Billy wondered why Steve even watched the stupid show. He sighed and got up to get another beer. He drank some water in the kitchen bobbing his feet. Tense, he fidgeted around the glass. His stomach was in knots, whole body tensed. Fight or flight kept popping up in his head. He sighed and got back to the living room with two beers. He put one down in front of Steve. He sat back down on the couch. Sighed.

It had been a week and a half since the incident with the bookshelf. Billy had tried his best to let Steve go. To let him be. Succeeding poorly. But the atmosphere had changed between them. It had become a game. First they riled each other up. Taunting, calling each other names, pushing and shoving in basket. Circled around each other like sharks around a wounded seal. And it could go either way. Sometimes they ended up in a fight, seldom too physical, a few punches, some wrestling, mostly cursing. Other times they ended up fucking. But never at Steve's like before. Mostly in the Camaro, rock blasting to match up to their moods. And it was just as rough as the time Steve was angry and hurt. They fed each other on the feeling. They took and took and took. Not caring too much of the others pleasure. That had lasted about a week. Then Steve softened up again. Billy cursed but deep inside he knew he was in too deep. He couldn't stay away, even if he tried. And he had. God knows he had tried.

They never spoke of anything but Billy knew. And it was just a matter of time it would blow up one way or the other. Billy never thought of the feeling of relief he felt when Steve got gentle with him again. Smiled at him like before. Big brown eyes looking at him with a spark. Billy never thought of any of the feelings Steve made him feel. He denied he ever felt anything around Steve. Billy didn't feel. Except for maybe a few small minutes late at night when he laid in his bed. Felt the heat in his ass, the cum still trickling down his leg.

Looking out the window and on clear nights saw a few stars. In the silent darkness of his room he let himself think, feel. some particular clear nights he even let himself hope. Silently breathing out a wish to the brightest star on the black night sky. Knowing it may very well be a long dead star.

And so Billy found himself on Steve's couch this Saturday night. Drinking beer and watching Steve watch some stupid TV show. But Billy didn't mind, he enjoyed a show of his own. Steve laid like before, one leg over the back rest, leaving them wide open for Billy to enjoy the view. Steve's jeans were tight over his crotch because of the way he sat and boy did it paint a pretty picture of his dick. All twisted and pent up in the tight fabric. Billy felt his own jeans getting even tighter. Steve was such a tease. And he knew it. Billy palmed himself and chugged the rest of the beer putting it down on the coffee table with a thud. Steve looked over at Billy, raising an eyebrow. Billy looked back at Steve, saw a cloudiness gather in his eyes, laid back against the couch and palmed himself again. Steve bucked his hips a bit, rolled them slowly and Billy could swear he saw Steve's dick twitch. He breathed out deeply and nodded upstairs. Because why the hell not? And they had been getting closer again or whatever so maybe Steve would take him to bed this beautiful night? Steve got up and without a word walked towards the stairs. He glanced over at Billy before disappearing upstairs. Billy took a deep breath and got up and followed Steve.

His stomach fluttered in a way it hadn't done in a while. Like this was something new, like it was the first time. In a sense it was. The first time in Steve's bed after the fight that had sent them to a downward spiral. No matter how hard Billy tried he couldn't ignore the feelings pooling just beneath his ribs. The way his heart started to race with every step he took against that door.

He rounded the corner and stepped in Steve's room. If he had gotten a show downstairs this couldn't even be named. Steve was naked, on his bed, legs spread wide, dick in hand hard and already leaking. Billy had a feeling Steve had found his courage. Had found his voice. And maybe he was fed up with Billy's macho bullshit. Maybe he wanted to show Billy he could too. That Billy wasn't the only one

with a impressive resume of fucking. And Billy couldn't be happier. He usually had to take the lead, it had always been like that, but now, now he had finally found some one to make him his bitch. Billy wanted nothing more than to be slapped around a little, dominated, fucked. Just the way Steve fucked him. The way Steve made him feel. Billy couldn't help but stand there and stare. Steve moaned and with that moan ordered him there. On the bed, on him. Billy took a few shaky steps over to the bed, whole body trembling with lust. If Billy was a girl his thighs too would probably be wet. He had tried to deny his nature and fucked a few girls but it did nothing for him. All he wanted was right there, right in front of him, trembling too, moaning his name. He realized all he wanted was Steve. And his dick, preferably all fucking 11 inches deep inside him. Billy got all the way to the bed, climbed on top of Steve grinding down. They both took sharp deep breaths, the pleasure shooting up their spines. Billy reached for the lube from the night stand, and Steve reached up to scratch his teeth over his nipples. Billy shivered and felt goosebumps rise over his skin. Everything felt a thousand times better than usual, than before. Billy let himself feel. He got the lube but Steve took it from him. "Yes, make me your bitch". Billy thought moaning. Steve lubed up a his fingers and grabbed Billy by his hips. He pulled him closer, until Billy was on his knees over Steve torso. He dipped one finger in Billy and he moaned, clenching around it, craving for more. Steve was gonna tease him but was too far himself. So he took Billy like he wanted, faster, bolder, more dominant than ever before. And Billy loved it. He was usually quite quiet even when Steve was balls deep in him but not this time. He moaned, cursed, possibly even screamed when Steve hit that spot just right. Billy isn't even sure when Steve's fingers had been traded for his dick but another firework in his body steals his ability to think. He rides Steve's dick like its the last thing hell ever do, and maybe it's time to admit it is. The rock blasts from the radio Steve dug out of the garage but neither if them hear it. All Billy can think, feel, see, hear, smell, taste is Steve. Everything in this moment is about Steve. All about Steve, his eyes gleaming with pleasure, his lips bitten on by his teeth, his hands grabbing Billy's hips, holding him in place, his muscles working to keep him there, his hips bucking up to meet Billy's movements, feet digging into the bed. Billy can feel his thighs flexing against his legs, he can feel every single move Steve makes under him. He loves it. He loves everything about it. He loves Steve. And with that thought Billy

comes. Once again hard, simply by Steve's dick deep inside him, nothing else. He had never been so easily finished like Steve finish him every single time. Plunge him into the deep dark abyss of nothingness only feeling inside out, burned, exploded, reduced to nothing, expanded to everything. Billy feels Steve come too which only plunge him deeper into the abyss he almost crawled out of. Billy loses himself and for a moment he sees everything. The past the future, the present. And in every image is Steve.

Billy regains himself, curled up on Steve, still joined by the throbbing of their bodies, Steve still leaking into Billy, Billy still clenching around him. It feels like you would imagine heaven feeling. Steve holds onto Billy's hips, hard enough to leave marks and Billy isn't sure where his hands are. He lets himself be consumed by Steve, lets himself be. Just a few seconds more before leaving like he always does. Just a few more seconds of Steve only. His smell, his taste, his breathing echoing in Billy's head. Heart thumping against him. Slowly he is back in Steve's room. He can sense other things again, like the hot sheets against his legs, the slight burn of the friction on his knees. The little breeze from the open window, gush of fresh air braking up the scorch of sex. The air smells of rain. Billy gets goosebumps of the breeze. He feels Steve slowly running his hands over his back. He wants to tell him to stop, to get off, to stop spoiling the moment. But everything in him disagrees, this is what makes the moment. Billy hear Steve sigh. Then he hears the music again. The last chords of a upbeat song he has heard a thousand times but can't name now. The next begins to play. It's a softer song. Billy wants to groan, the universe is playing some sick jokes on him. The rock channel he usually puts on doesn't play soft rock. But apparently now it does. It continues for a bit until Billy recognizes it. What a cruel joke. He moves slightly, tries to get up. Steve's arms stop moving and tighten around him. Billy pushes up a bit, has to get out, has to leave before he can't. Steve holds him down, firm but gentle. Billy knows it's time for Steve to start taking like Billy has ever since this started. But Billy tries to fight it nonetheless. He panics and looks at Steve. His eyes are hazy, open and raw. It confirms what Billy has know too long already. Just how deep Steve actually is. Not just literally, still slightly twitching inside Billy, but how deep emotionally. And looking into the big brown eyes Billy has a really hard time to get up and leave. Maybe Steve sees the hesitation in Billy's ocean eyes,

smells the fear of giving himself up to this. Billy is afraid, more than he has ever been, facing any other threat, this is by far the worst. Billy has been through a lot of shit in his short life but this is the most scary thing, letting someone close, in even, giving himself up to someone. Hell, even feeling like this paralyzes him, robs him of everything, leaving him defenseless, leaving him as he is. Exposing his soul.

-Baby you're all that I want.

Steve whispers, brown eyes radiating warmth, heat. Billy feels everything, sees everything. The rush of his blood in his veins, the beating of his heart. Then he hears the beating of Steve's heart, as fast as his. He knows it was a huge gamble on Steve's side, he knows that Steve know what's wrong. They have never talked about anything but he knows Steve know him. And the thought of Steve still wanting Billy, even after knowing him, truly him, after everything he did, breaks down all of Billy's walls.

"when you're lying here in my arms"

Bryan Adams continue crooning from the radio.

"I'm findin' it hard to believe, We're in Heaven"

Billy's eyes fill with tears, he can't believe this, can't believe himself, or Steve, or the fucking radio. Billy leans in looking at Steve, into those beautiful brown eyes, let out a little uneven breath that makes both's hearts skip a beat or a few, warm air rolling over Steve's lips parting them a little. Billy close the distance between them, pushing his lips onto Steve's, gently, still hesitating. Steve jerk a little and Billy panics but Steve tightens his arms around him and opens his mouth more. Parts his lips letting his tongue run over Billy's lower lip. He tastes the saltiness from his tears, and Steve must taste them too. But he kisses on, gently letting his hot tongue touch Billy's teeth, gently parting his lips a bit more, gently grabbing Billy's neck with one hand, gently caressing the back of his head fingers running through his hair. It knocks down the few bricks left standing of Billy's wall and he lets himself feel all of it, lets Steve devour him. Finally he allows him to kiss back, to let Steve know he believes his every words, even if they are loaned ones.

They kiss endlessly long and its everything their sex isn't. Soft, gentle, warm, caring. Feeling, giving. Steve gives himself to Billy in a way no one has ever given and Billy can finally admit he can give himself to Steve too. Wants to give himself. The kiss is all about giving not taking. When they finally break apart for air, lips swollen and sore, Bryan Adams is long gone. But the moment linger on and the look in Steve's eyes is everything Billy needs. Reassures him that he isn't leaving. That this isn't just fucking around anymore. That he really loves. Billy lets himself feel too, lets himself think, hope, wish, believe that this can happen. Love can happen. Billy realizes that this was their first kiss, the one that is gonna matter the most, the one that they will always remember, always refer too, the one that made them them. The one that gave Billy his freedom to feel. And Billy can't help but smile to the thought that the kiss is far from the last.

Author's Note:

So I have been hanging out
in the Harringrove hole for quite
a while...

This is the first drabble I got all
the way to the finish line.

Inspired by Bryan Adams Heaven.

Part of a series but all are different
stories.

All messing up is on me!

Sorry if something similar is already
out there, I have a feeling I saw a post
about this on Tumblr.

Lots of love,

Cheers mate!